

IL-TORŌBO

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enormously developed maxillary muscles. Individual physical peculiarities are not readily apparent when pigtails are almost universally grown and bodies are smeared with red ochre. The Nilotic peculiarity of standing on one leg has been observed in the *Mósiro*, but it is not seen so often as in the case of the Masai. I have been unable to discover any examples of pronounced steatopygia in the women, who are, usually, more prolific than the Masai women, and who are prized by the Masai for this reason. The *Mósiro* are a hardy race, and even at a comparatively advanced age the men retain great powers of activity and endurance. [42] [302] [516]•

The older generation (in common with the Masai elders) pays little attention to its personal appearance. *Mósiro* of a certain age would seem to be less under Masai influence than are the young men and are readily distinguishable from the Masai at first sight. (It might, perhaps, be as well to modify this by saying that an eye unaccustomed to looking on Masai will often fail to detect any difference between them and Dorobo of any type. Recently, I made the experiment of asking two Europeans from the coast to separate the Masai from the Dorobo in a mixed gathering. Each of them made a different selection and each of them was wrong in the majority of cases.) 145 302 184 142 177

In hunting, tracking, bush-lore and forest-craft the *Mósiroi* is, in my opinion, without equal when in familiar country. He seems to know instinctively what an animal will do under given circumstances, and inability to follow its track will seldom result in the pursuit being abandoned. If the ground is stony or if the passage of other animals has obliterated the trail, the *Mósiroi* will go quietly forward and will eventually, by a combination of luck, instinct and knowledge of the country and the habits of the quarry, pick up the spoor again. I have seen this happen many times. The *Mósiroi* knows when extreme caution must be observed and when noise does not matter; he is never at a loss for a vantage-point and, on the whole, is tenacious and plucky in the pursuit of dangerous game. He can summon lion to a kill by producing a weird, muffled, nasal cry (it is supposed to represent the bleating of a goat, though it has little resemblance to that noise, to my 224 825